

Christmas *with* MOTHER GOOSE

A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE
NO. 126



Illustrated by
WALT KELLY

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

How Many Miles to Babylon



*"How many miles
to Babylon?"*

*"Three score miles
and ten!"*

*"Can I get there
by candle light?"*

"Aye! And back again!"



On the Way to the Christmas Fair



Jack and Jill
rode on a horse
On the way to
the Christmas
Fair

The lady bug and
the burnie bee
Caught a ride upon
the hare.



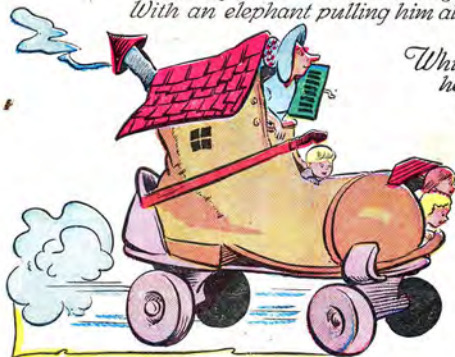
Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Went bouncing
along on a
pogo stick.

On the Way to the Christmas Fair

*And the wee little mouse
from the hickory clock
Scurried along with
an empty sock.*



*Little Boy Blue rode on a sleigh
With an elephant pulling him all the way.*



*While the dame and
her children in
the shoe*

*Went skating
along and
got there
'too!*

The Christmas Fair

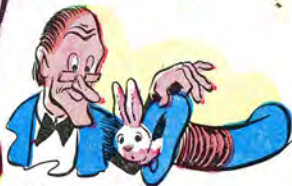
*The folks of Mother Goose Town all were there,
Laughing and singing at the Christmas Fair.*



*Old King Cole and his
fiddlers three
Had trimmed a giant
Christmas tree.*



*Skinny Jack Spratt,
who would eat no fat.*



*Had a rabbit trick
hidden away in his hat.*



Tommy Tucker sang and the cat played the fiddle.



Queen of Hearts brought a cake with jam in the middle.



*Marjorie brought her
beautiful see saw.*



*The fox brought the crow
and the crow went "Caw!"*



*King Cole's palace was
agleam with light.
It was indeed a most
splendid sight.*

*The Pied Piper tootled away
on his flute
And the mice came running
with cookies and fruit.*



*The barber who would
shave a pig*



*Went prancing about
and lost his wig*

Tom Tinker's little dog
grabbed it on
the run;
All the animals followed
to share the fun.



Finally when all were
winded or lame,
Someone suggested
they play a game.



"But," roared the lion,
"Let's make it quiet!
We came to a party,
not to a riot!"



Riddles



*Old Mother Hubbard
Came late to the Fair.
She was so out of breath
She collapsed in a chair.*



*"I looked in my cupboard,"
She finally said.*



*"And down in the well-house
And under the bed,*

*"And I finally found it,
And here it is—look!
My wonderful, marvelous
Riddling book!"*





*"Oh, please let me read one!" Peter Piper said.
And here is the riddle Peter Piper read.*



*"As I went through
the garden gap,
Who should I meet
but Dick Red-cap.*



*"A stick in
his hand—*



*"A stone in
his throat—*



*"If you'll tell me this riddle
I'll give you a goat!"*



*But all of the children
Said they'd rather look
At the answers hidden
In the back of the book.*



*"Listen to the riddle
that I read, too."
Laughed little bouncing
Betty Blue*

*"Little Nancy
Etticoat,
In a white
petticoat—*



"And a red nose—




*"The longer
she stands
The shorter
she grows!"*



*"What is it?" everybody cried.
"I can't tell!" Betty Blue replied.*



*"But it rhymes with handle
Though it's not a sandal!"*



*Tommy Stout gave a grin
And then he did begin...*

*"Here is a riddle that
I know very well.
A riddle and a puzzle
that I would like
to tell:*



"As I was going to St. Ives,



*I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,*



*Every wife had seven sacks,
And every sack had seven cats.*

*"Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.*



*Now kits, cats, sacks and wives—
How many were going to St. Ives?"*



*Mother Hubbard laughed as
the children worked
And said, "Now we will see
what scholars shirked
Their lessons all throughout
the year—
Come, I have one last
riddle here."*



"Two legs sits on three
legs
With one leg in his lap.



"In comes four legs
When two legs takes
a nap!



"Four legs grabs
up one leg
And dashes for
the door.
Two legs grabs up
three legs
And throws it
after four.



"Four legs drops
one leg
When three legs
hits him crack
And two legs picks
up one leg
And comes quite
proudly back!"

Then with a shout and a
quick turn about
The children grab the
riddling book.

And flipping the
pages in a
flash
They turn up
the answer
page for
a look.



Answers are on last page

The Night Before Christmas^{*}



*The door opened wide and the
children flocked together
For in strode an old man
dressed all in leather
He sat himself down with the
children round his knee.
Laughing and giggling and
squealing with glee.*

*"Tell us a story," cried Saucy
Susie, very bold.
He gave a wink and a grin
and here's the tale that
he told:*



*It was the night before
Christmas
And all through the
house
Not a creature was
stirring,
Not even a mouse*



**From "A Visit From St. Nicholas" by Clement C. Moore*



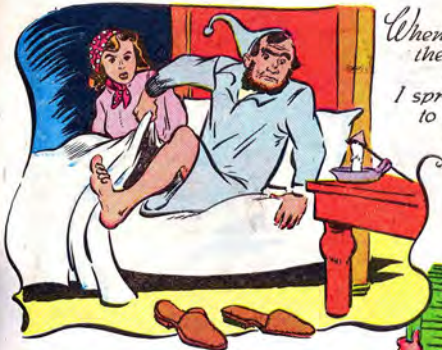
*The stockings were hung by
the Chimney with care
In hopes that St. Nicholas
soon would be there.*



*The children were nestled
all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums
danced in their heads.*



*And Mamma in her 'kerchief
and I in my cap
Had just settled down for
a long winter's nap;*



*When out on the lawn
there arose such
a clatter.
I sprang out of bed
to see what was
the matter*

*Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and
threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of
the new fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday
to objects below.*



*When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer*



*With a little old driver
so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it
must be St. Nick.*

*More rapid than eagles
his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted
and called them by name.*



*Now Dasher! Now, Dancer!
Now Prancer! Now, Vixen!*

*On, Comet, on Cupid!
On, Dunder and Blitzen!*



*"To the top of the porch,
to the top of the wall,
Dash away, dash away,
dash away, all!"*



*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too.*



*And then, in a twinkling
I heard on the roof*



*The prancing and pawing
of each tiny hoof*



*As I drew in my head
and was turning
around,
Down the chimney
Saint Nicholas came
with a bound*



*He was dressed all in fur from
his head to his foot.
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot.*

*A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back,
And he looked like a
peddler just opening
his pack.*



*His eyes, how they twinkled!
His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses,
his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was
drawn up in a bow.
And the beard on his chin
was as white as the snow*



*The stump of a pipe he
held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it
encircled his head
like a wreath.*



*He had a broad face and
and a round little belly
That shook, when he laughed,
like a bowl full of jelly*

*He was chubby and plump,
a right jolly old elf.
And I laughed when I saw
him in spite of myself*



*A wink of his eye and a
twist of his head
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.*



*He spoke not a word, but
went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings,
then turned with a jerk.*



*And laying his finger
aside of his nose*



*And giving a nod, up the
chimney he rose.*



*He sprang to his sleigh, to
his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like
the down of a thistle:*

*But I heard him exclaim, as
he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all
and to all a good night!"*

Mistress Mary

*Mistress Mary,
quite contrary,
How did your
garden grow?*



*When the Summer
sun was here
And we had no
ice or snow.*



*It grew quite well
as you can see;
Here are preserves
and jam.*



Pie for a King



*I'm an elf who
works and works
On Santa Claus'
toys.*

*We paint dolls for
little girls
And sleds for
little boys.*



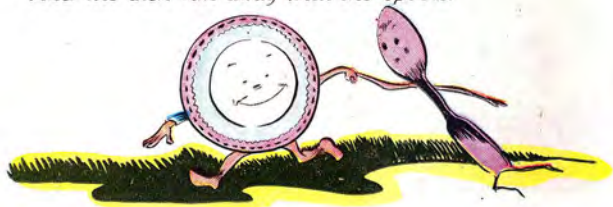
*And sometimes when we're hungry
Simple Simon, he will bring
A pie that's big enough for all
And fit for any king!*



Hey, Diddle, Diddle



*Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over
the moon.
The little dog laughed to
see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.*



and Little Jack Horner



*"Hey, diddle, diddle!" cried
bright little Jack,
"How can I eat my pie?
The dish and the spoon
won't be back
And I'm hungry enough
to cry!"*



*So little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Holding his Christmas pie.
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum.
And said, "What a
good boy am I!"*



Old King Cole

and the Limerick Game



*Old King Cole
was 'a merry old soul
And a merry old soul
was he.*

*He called for his pipe
and he called for his bowl
And he called for the
whole compan-nee.*



*He seated all the
little folks
In a ring around the tree.
Then he called for a cheer
for old Santa Claus
With a hip, hip!
Three times
three.*



*"We'll have a limerick game
When I call you by your name.
Stand up and recite
by the Christmas tree light."
Said Old King Cole with a
jolly old grin,
"Come on, Tom Tucker,
you may begin!"*

*J. Tucker stood up,
took his hat from his head,
And in a firm voice
this is what he said:*



"There was a young lady whose nose



*Was so long that it
reached to her toes.*



*So she hired an old lady
whose conduct was
steady*



To carry that wonderful nose!"



*Then up jumped little
Betty Blue.
She knew just what she
would do.
She curtsied left, she
curtsied right,
In a high pitched voice
she did recite:*



*"There was an old man
in a tree*



*Who was horribly
bored by a bee.*



*When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied 'Deed it does!'*



*It's a regular brute
of a bee!"*

*Georgie Porgie, hat in hand.
Slowly rose and took the stand.*



*"There was a young lady
of Norway"*



*Who casually sat in
a doorway.*



*When the door squeezed
her flat*



She exclaimed, 'What of that?'



*"This courageous young
lady of Norway."*

*When Marjorie Daw
heard her name,
She jumped to her
feet to exclaim,*

*"There was an old man
who said 'Hush!'"*



*I perceive
a young
bird in
this bush!"*



*When they said, 'Is
it small?'"*



*He replied,
'Not at all!'"*



*It's four times as
big as the bush!"*

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
jumped to his feet
And his tale was begun:

"There was an old person of Ware



Who rode on
the back of
a bear.



When they said,
'Does he trot?'

She cried,
'Certainly not!'



He's a flopsikkon-moppsikon bear!"



Tommy Snooks and
Betsy Brooks
Who'd walked in every
weather.
Up they got and
here is what
They happily sang
together.



"There was an old man
in a tree
Whose whiskers
were lovely
to see.



But the birds
of the air
Plucked them
perfectly bare



To make themselves
nests in that tree."

At last Humpty Dumpty,
With a smile very droll,
Stood up and recited
To his friends and King Cole



"There was an old man
on the border



Who lived in the utmost disorder: He danced with the cat

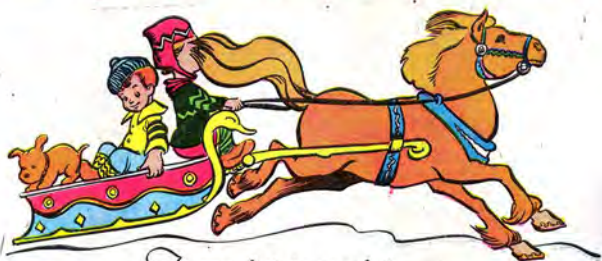


And made tea in his hat.

Which vexed all the folks
on the border"



To Market



*To market, to market,
to buy a fat pig.*



Home again, home again, jiggity jig!



*We'll take it!
We'll bake it!
We'll eat the fat hog!*

*Home again, home again,
jiggity jog!*



Thimble Thatch



*Thimble Thatch,
draw the latch.
Sit by the fire
and grin*



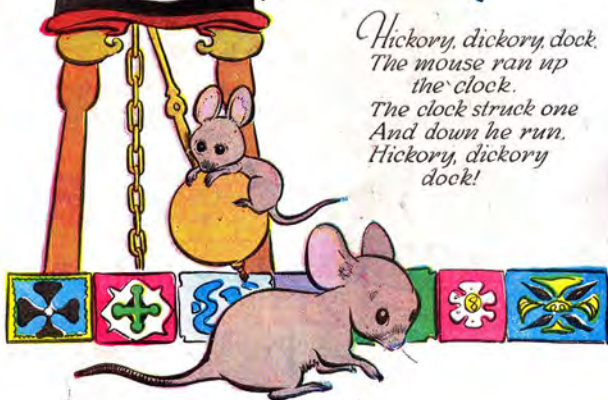
*Take a sock and
fill it up.*



*And call the
children in!*

Hickory, Dickory

765



*Hickory, dickory, dock.
The mouse ran up
the clock.
The clock struck one
And down he run.
Hickory, dickory
dock!*

*And when he had
run down again
What do you think
that he did then?*

*He fell into a
Christmas stocking,
Hanging high upon
the wall.*

*And in the morning—
it was shocking!
He was the best
surprise of all.*



The Last Arrival at the Fair

Said the Crooked Man
to Old King Cole,
"Someone is missing, a
jolly old soul!"

He's always around at
this time of the year.
I'm really surprised that
he isn't here!"



"I know who you mean,
you mean Santa Claus.
Now watch the fireplace
over there, because

He's coming soon with a
great big surprise.
You won't be able to
believe your eyes!"



And then there was
scarcely a sound,
As down the chimney
with a bound

Came a tiny elf
tugging a sack.
And King Cole was the
one taken aback.





*"My sakes alive!" cried Old King Cole,
 "You're not much bigger than a mole!
 Where is Santa? And who are you?
 You've dropped like stardust from the blue!"*



*"If you want Santa
 don't look far!
 For I'm not dust
 of any star,
 I'm Santa Claus
 and no disguise!
 And if you doubt
 me use your
 eyes!"*



*"Why, so you are! But
 how can it be?"*



*"Aye! 'Tis the strangest
 thing a man could see!"*

*"Well," said Santa with a smile,
 "Just listen to my tale awhile!"*

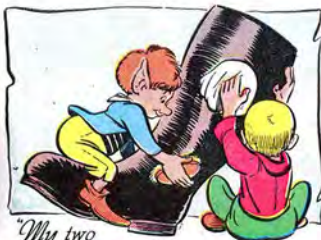
Santa's Story



*"This morning," said
Santa, "Everything
looked fine!"*

*"The sky was like crystal,
the air was like wine."*

*"My castle, a gleam in the
clear morning light,
Was the scene of bustle, to
make ready my flight."*



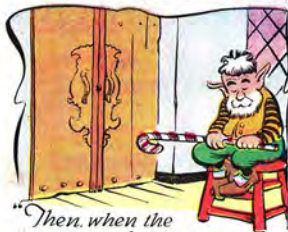
*"My two
elfin helpers, Tinkle and Hoots,
Were shining with care my
tall leather boots."*



*"While Winky and Pinky,
with many a quip,
Were trying out my new
licorice whip."*



*"And Mother Claus, without
having me ask it,*





"The Black Giant's raging about again!
He's after you with the strength of ten!"



"The Snow Queen looked
pale and ill.
So frightened was she
her voice was shrill!"



"Never fear,' I said, 'He can't hurt me!
For I'll be away long before tea!"



"Ha!" she cried. 'He's lying in wait.
He vows to get you, sure as fate!"



"He wants the key to the gum drop mine.
He swears to eat it all by nine!"

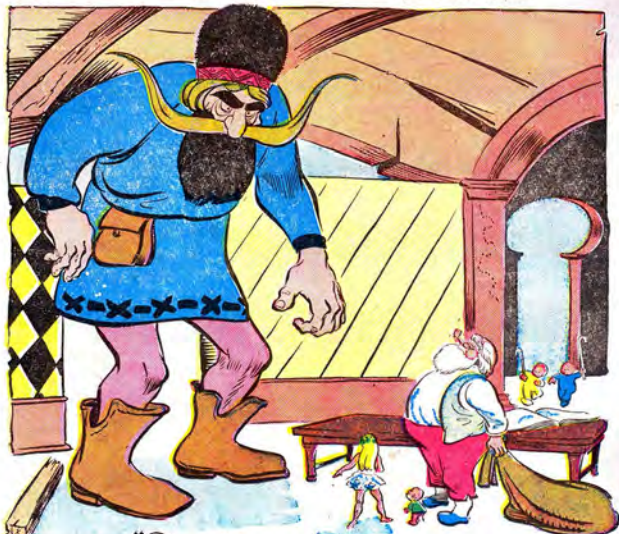


"The candy is for the children, sure!
But none goes to that greedy boor!"



*"As I cried this out in voice full sore,
We heard a hammering at the door:*

*"A growl like thunder! A
rumbling roar!
Then the timbers fell in
upon the floor.*



*"There, like an idiot tree of wood,
The evil, grinning giant stood.*



*"His hand made a grab like a flash,
There was a blinding light—a crash!"*



*"The next thing I knew
I was running in the hall,*



*"My head in a whirl—
I was very, very small!"*



*"What happened? I asked
the fairy Snow Queen.*



*"Magic!" she answered,
"It's plain to be seen!"*



*"The Black Giant has wrought
some evil spell
And has stolen your key, I
know full well!"*



*"Twinkle's voice broke out,
'What's worse, I'll wager,
He's taken away your
golden ledger!'"*



*"Then in a frenzy we rushed
off to look,
And, sure enough, he had
stolen the book."*



*"It contains the names of the
girls and the boys!
Without it I cannot deliver
the toys!"*



*"As we ran to my sleigh I
bemoaned my new size
And my reindeer beheld me
with doubt in their eyes."*



*"We rose like a duck hawk swift in the air
To see giant tracks leading straight to his lair"*



*"Then very carefully we sneaked
in the door—
And instantly heard an
earth shaking snore"*

*"The blackhearted rogue was
asleep like a log.
Ah! Now was our chance to
befuddle the dog!"*



*"Carefully, breathlessly,
closer we crept,
Near to the spot where
the wicked one slept"*



*"And then with the ledger
just in our grasp
The snoring voice stopped!
And I gave a gasp—"*



*"We suddenly saw the evil one waken.
I can assure you our courage was
shaken."*



*"The Snow Queen, however, proved
she was brave.
With the speed of light she
jumped at the knave."*



*"As she sprang to the edge of
the giant's couch
She ripped open the cord
on his leather pouch."*



*"There fell from within a
peculiar dust,
A soft, gleaming powder the
color of rust."*



*"And then, while I stood there,
dumb with surprise,
The Snow Queen flung hand-
fuls into his eyes."*



*"Once again I saw the
lightning flash,
Then a long rumbling,
thundering crash."*



"The giant cried out with an angry roar—
I pulled the fairy Snow Queen
to the floor."

"Ha! It was magic! The giant
grew small.
In a flash he was hardly
three feet tall!"



"We roped him and tied him
good and tight,
And I noticed then it would
soon be night."



"The big book of names must
quickly be found
For soon I must start on
my annual round."



"Suddenly I found it! And we
ran to the sleigh,
And in scarcely a moment we
were off and away!"



"The spell will wear off soon,"
said my friend,
'And all will turn out
well in the end!'"



*"And now, though I've finished my
work for the night,
I wonder if maybe the Snow
Queen was right?"*



*"And just as Santa finished
all he could tell
He started to grow— 'twas
the end of the spell."*



*"The children all laughed—King Cole gave a cheer
"Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!"*

Answers to Riddles



*Peter Piper says that
Dick Red-cap is nothing
more than a cherry!*



*And little
Betty Blue
says that
Nancy Etticoat is, of
course, a candle.*



*And Tommy Stout says,
"How many were going
to St. Ives? Count me!"*



*And Mother Hubbard says,
"Two legs is a man, one
leg is a leg of meat,
three legs is a stool,
and four legs is a dog."*




 Rub a dub dub,
 Three men in a tub
 And who do you think they be?
 The Butcher,
 The Baker,
 The Candle Stick Maker,
 All trimming a Christmas tree.
